

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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Proud! It was no name for it. Boast! The fame of Camp One spread abroad over the land. Some people thought Camp One must be a sort of hellhole of roaring, fighting devils. Others sighed and made rapid calculations of the number of logs they could put in if only they could get hold of help like that.

Thorpe himself, of course, made his headquarters at Camp One. During the five years he had never crossed the strait of Mackinac. The rupture with his sister had made repugnant to him all the southern country. All winter long he was more than busy at his logging. Summers he spent at the mill. Occasionally he visited Marquette, but always on business.

He was happy because he was too busy to be anything else. The insistent need of success which he had created for himself absorbed all other sentiments. He demanded of others rigorously. He could do no less than demand of himself. The chief end of any man, as he saw it, was to do well and successfully what his life found ready.

Success, success, success. Nothing could be of more importance. Its attainment argued a man's efficiency in the scheme of things. Anything that interfered with it—personal comfort, inclination, affection, desire, love of ease, individual liking—was bad.

Thorpe cared for just three people, and none of them happened to clash with his machine. They were Wallace Carpenter, Little Phil and Injun Charley.

Wallace was always personally agreeable to Thorpe. Lately, since the erection of the mill, he had developed unexpected acumen in the disposal of the season's cut to wholesale dealers in Chicago. Thereafter he was often in the woods both for pleasure and to get his partner's ideas on what the firm would have to offer. The entire responsibility of the city end of the business was in his hands.

Injun Charley continued to hunt and trap in the country round about. Once or twice a month the lumberman would snowshoe down to the little cabin at the forks. Entering, he would nod briefly and seat himself on a cracker box.

"How do, Charley?" said he.

"How do?" replied Charley.

They filled pipes and smoked. At rare intervals one of them made a remark tersely:

"Catch um beaver las' week," remarked Charley.

"Good haul," commented Thorpe.

Or:

"I saw a mink track by the big bowl der," offered Thorpe.

"H'm!" responded Charley in a long drawn falsetto whine.

Yet somehow the men came to know each other better and better, and each felt that in an emergency he could depend on the other to the uttermost in spite of the difference in race.

As for Philip, he was like some strange, shy animal, retaining all its wild instincts, but led by affection to become domestic. He drew the water, cut the wood—none better. In the evening he played atrociously his violin—none worse—bending his great white brow forward with the wolf glare in his eyes, swaying his shoulders with a fierce delight in the subtle dissonances of the horrible tunes he played. And often he went into the forest and gazed wondering at occult things. Above all he worshiped Thorpe. And in turn the lumberman accorded him a good natured affection.

Financially the company was rated high and yet was heavily in debt. This condition of affairs by no means constitutes an anomaly in the lumbering business.

The profits of the first five years had

been immediately reinvested in the business. Thorpe intended to establish in a few years more a big plant which would be returning benefits in proportion not only to the capital originally invested, but also in ratio to the energy, time and genius he had himself expended.

Every autumn the company found itself suddenly in easy circumstances. At any moment that Thorpe had chosen to be content with the progress made he could have, so to speak, declared dividends with his partner. Instead of undertaking more improvements, for part of which he borrowed money, he could have divided the profits of the season's cut. But this he was not yet ready to do.

He had established five more camps; he had acquired over 150,000,000 feet of timber lying contiguous to his own; he had built and equipped a modern high efficiency mill; he had constructed a harbor breakwater and the necessary booms; he had bought a tug; built a boarding house. All this cost money. He wished now to construct a logging railroad. Then he promised himself and Wallace that they would be ready to commence paying operations. He had made all the estimates and even the preliminary survey. He was therefore the more grievously disappointed when Wallace Carpenter made it impossible for him to do so.

It was about the middle of July. He was sitting back idly in the clean painted mill office with the big square desk and the three chairs. Through the door he could see Collins perched on a high stool before the shelf-like desk. From the open window came the clear, musical note of the circular saw, the fresh, aromatic smell of new lumber, the bracing air from Superior sparkling in the office. He felt tired. In rare moments such as these, when the muscles of his striving relaxed, his mind turned to the past. Old sorrows rose before him and looked at him with their sad eyes. He wondered where his sister was. She would be twenty-two years old now. A tenderness, haunting, fearful, invaded his heart. At such moments the hard shell of his rough woods life seemed to rend apart. He longed with a great longing for sympathy, for love.

The outer door, beyond the cage behind which Collins and his shelf desk were placed, flew open. Thorpe heard a brief greeting, and Wallace Carpenter stood before him.

"Why, Wallace, I didn't know you were coming!" began Thorpe, and stopped. The boy, usually so fresh and happily buoyant, looked ten years older. Wrinkles had gathered between his eyes. "Why, what's the matter?" cried Thorpe.

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"Well, you have that amount in this firm."

"What do you mean?"

"If you want it you can have it." Wallace considered a moment.

"That would leave me without a cent," he replied.

"But it would save your commercial honor."

"Harry," cried Wallace suddenly, "couldn't this firm go on my note for thirty thousand more? Its credit is good, and that amount would save my margins."

"You are partner," replied Thorpe. "Your signature is as good as mine in this firm."

"But you know I wouldn't do it without your consent," replied Wallace reproachfully. "Oh, Harry," cried the boy. "When you needed the amount I let you have it."

Thorpe smiled.

"You know you can have it if it's to be had, Wallace. I wasn't hesitating at that account. I was merely trying to figure out where we can raise such a sum as \$30,000. We haven't got it."

"But you'll never have to pay it," assured Wallace eagerly. "If I can save my margins I'll be all right."

"A man has to figure on paying whatever he puts his signature to," asserted Thorpe. "I can give you our note payable at the end of a year. Then I'll hustle in enough timber to make up the amount. It means we don't get our railroad; that's all."

"I knew you'd help me out. Now it's all right," said Wallace, with a relieved air.

Thorpe shook his head. He was already trying to figure how to increase his cut to 30,000,000 feet.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself after Wallace had gone out to visit the mill. "I've been demanding success of others for a good many years; now I'll demand it of myself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEMOCRATS WORRIED

They Wish They Knew Where to Place "The Peerless Leader."

Indianapolis, Jan. 28.—The great question in the minds of Democrats as to what course William Jennings Bryan, "the peerless leader" of four years ago is preparing to do in the present campaign and the anxiety which they do not fail to express over their inability to solve this mystery has caused much amusement to Republicans here. The position of the Republican party knows where it stands, knows what policies it will advocate in the coming convention which will draft the platform, knows who its candidates will be and is able to meet any issue the opposition may bring against either candidate or policies. But the Democrats are in a lamentable condition. Bryan is the questionable quantity. Will he stay with the party if the nominees and platform do not suit him or will he bolt? This is the question Democrats are having such hard work to answer. The stand the Nebraska leader has been taking for high morality in politics gives him a chance to bolt consistently with recent utterances if he wants to when the time comes. It will not be in conformity with his previous declarations for regularity, but that he must be reckoned with in this doubtful position is a fact that the leaders here admit to themselves. To the Republicans who are so well fortified the hopelessness of the Democratic position is amusing.

Indianapolis people have had their eyes opened in the last few days. The exhibit of drawings and paintings by the newspaper artists of the city has been the means of giving them the awakening. Most people here have become familiar with the work of these artists whose drawings appear daily in the papers, but they had no idea how much good work really was done by the pencil wielders. The exhibit has disclosed this fact to them in a way they can not dispute and with the evidences of the merit of the work of the newspaper artists they have accorded a hearty if tardy recognition of the ability of the men whose drawings make the papers attractive. That the visitors to the exhibit appreciate the worth of the pictures has been demonstrated by the manner in which they have hastened to buy the pictures. Several of the artists have sold over \$200 worth of their work and the net proceeds of the sale of pictures will run away over the \$1,000 mark.

Indianapolis business men are preparing to wrestle with the problem before them of raising the \$5,000 needed to pay John Roberts for his land which is included in the army post site. Unless this money is raised at once so that the government can settle with all the land owners there is a bare chance that the post may yet be taken away from Indianapolis. There is little doubt that the sum needed can be raised in short order if the public once comes to understand that the post is in danger. Business men generally, however, have held aloof because they felt that Roberts was making an unjust demand and they did not like the idea of assisting him to get more money than they thought he deserved.

Guards Hold the Fort. Pueblo, Col., Jan. 28.—Over forty members of Company G, Colorado national guard, took possession of the armory building and contents here and are holding it for money amounting to over \$5,000 due them for service in the Cripple Creek strike. What action will be taken by the authorities has not yet been determined.

Bedford's Indent Unsettled. Bedford, Ind., Jan. 28.—Bedford's great mystery is far from a solution. Do as they will, the slight clue—the mustache hairs found in the murdered girl's grasp—takes the officers back to the tall man with the brown mustache, who was seen on the fatal night talking to a woman, near the scene of the crime, and officers and detectives are struggling for some further clue which will establish this man's identity. With him in custody it is felt that a long step will have been taken toward clearing the mystery which enshrouds the tragic death of Miss Schafer. Developments in connection with the arrest of a suspect at Louisville are awaited here with intense interest.

Died at 125. Menominee, Mich., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Mary Schaferonski, said by her relatives to have been 125 years old, is dead in Ingalls township, this county.

AN OPIUM DREAM

And Terror Arising From It Leads to Arrest of Bedford Suspect.

BEHR HAS TO EXPLAIN

Man Arrested in Louisville Held to Show Officers Where He Was When Miss Schafer Was Murdered.

Harry Behr's Clothes Were Bloody. His Face Scratched and His Mind Uneasy.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 28.—With his clothing in several places dotted with blood, one clot on the right coat sleeve being five inches long and three inches wide, his face badly scratched, Harry Behr was taken into custody as a suspect in connection with the murder of Miss Sarah Schafer at Bedford, Ind., on the night of Jan. 21.

He was arrested at the home of Roger White, a negro with whom he has been boarding since the day following the murder. The grounds given for Behr's arrest are stated by the officers as follows: Behr was met by the negro White on Friday morning, Jan. 22, the day following the murder. Behr was coming from the Louisville dock of the ferry line running to Jeffersonville, Ind. Behr bore two deep scratches, one on each side of his forehead and two or three minor abrasions about the face. His clothing contains several blood-clots of large size, which he attempted to remove after going to White's home. Behr after his arrest told an uncertain and disconnected story to account for his whereabouts at the time of the murder and in explanation of the wounds on his face. Some portions of his story are contradicted by his mother, who lives in Memphis, and other statements by Mrs. Behr fail to fully substantiate details as to time.

According to the story of the negro White, Behr asked for permission to board with him and "smoke a little hop." White assented and Behr went to the negro's home, where he remained until his arrest, going out but twice for brief intervals. Two days ago Behr produced newspapers containing accounts of the Schafer murder and asked Lizzie White to read to him the story of the murder. He was smoking opium frequently and was twice heard to say that he had a woman's blood on his clothing. Once Behr awoke from a stupor induced by the "pipe" and screamed for Lizzie White, calling out that he had killed a woman. The negroes notified the detectives and the arrest followed.

To the officers Behr stated that he was a native of Memphis and gave the address of his mother there. He declared that he left Memphis last Thursday night, coming to Louisville and remaining here. The cuts on his face he claimed to have received during the turbulent municipal election at Memphis Jan. 7 during a row in the Ninth ward. Mrs. Behr was unable to give the date of her son's departure beyond saying that it occurred about a week ago. She stated flatly that her son did not participate in any fight in the Ninth ward. Behr is six feet two inches high, smoothly shaven, with dark hair and dark eyes. He claims to be twenty-two years old and is apparently of Hebrew parentage. The facts in favor of the prisoner are:

The hair clutched in the dead woman's hand was red, while that of the prisoner is dark.

Behr is an opium user and the detectives frankly admit that his cry uttered to Lizzie White may have resulted from an opium dream following the reading and discussion of the Schafer case.

Behr's explanation of the freshness of the wounds on his face is that he suffers from eczema and they remained open, although the election in Memphis and the row in which he claims to have participated occurred Jan. 7. It is also admitted that Mrs. Behr's denial that her son participated in the riot may have been made because she feared he would be arrested for some assault committed on that day, and desired to shield him. The work of tracing Behr's movements will take time and the case is at a standstill for the present. The prisoner is being "sweated" today.

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DISASTROUS STRIKE

Men Lost After Long and Ineffectual Struggle.

Pittsburg, Jan. 28.—The lockout of the building trades which has been on for seventeen weeks was settled late last evening and all workmen are privileged to return to work. The settlement came with an agreement between the committees of master plumbers and the journeymen in which the latter were worsted.

On Oct. 18 the plumbers struck for \$4.50 a day, an increase of 50 cents. This strike was followed by sympathetic strikes by the members of the building trades council, including the painters and decorators, the electricians, the tile setters, the house smiths and the tanners, in all 2,900 men. In retaliation the builders' exchange league ordered a tie up of all building operations, controlled by them in the city, throwing idle 10,000 men. Resumption of work then depended on the calling off of all sympathetic strikes and the return of the plumbers at the old scale. The agreement just signed is for an eight-hour day; all scales to terminate on Dec. 31; all troubles to be settled by arbitration and the employers privileged to employ non-union men. Since the plumbers' strike was inaugurated the men have lost \$750,000 in wages and the builders considerably more than a million dollars in delayed and canceled contracts. The building operations suspended were valued at \$11,825,000.

Burton Pleads Not Guilty. St. Louis, Jan. 28.—United States Senator J. R. Burton of Kansas has been admitted to \$5,000 bail to answer in the United States circuit court March 7 for trial on the indictment charging him with accepting money for the alleged use of his influence with the postal authorities to prevent the issuance of a fraud order against the Rialto Grain and Securities company. When arraigned before Judge Adams he pleaded not guilty to the charge.

Rescue Work Is Dangerous. Pittsburg, Jan. 28.—Three days have elapsed since the terrible catastrophe at the Harwick mine of the Allegheny Coal company, and seventy-one bodies have been brought to the surface. The work of rescue is proceeding very slowly on account of conditions in the mine making it dangerous to enter. Another member of the rescue party has succumbed to the deadly fumes.

Deadly Railway Collision. Middlesboro, Ky., Jan. 28.—In a head-on collision between a Southern Railway and a Louisville & Nashville train here last night, three men were fatally injured. One engine and four coaches were demolished. Both trains claimed the right of way from Cumberland Gap to Middlesboro.

She Wrote "Bonnie Blue Flag." New York, Jan. 28.—Mrs. Annie Ketchum, author of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," one of the most famous war songs of the Confederacy, as well as of many other poems and prose writings, is dead in St. Vincent's hospital after less than a week's illness, in her 80th year.

Neighboring Relations Strained. Guayaquil, Ecuador, Jan. 28.—A cablegram has been received from the minister of Ecuador at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, announcing that owing to his diplomatic influence Brazil, Chili and Argentina have postponed their recognition of the republic of Panama.

MARKET REPORT

Prevailing Prices for Grain, Provisions and Livestock on Jan. 27.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock. Wheat—Wagon, No. 2 red, strong, 94¢. Corn—Strong, No. 2 mixed, 44¢. Oats—Strong, No. 2 mixed, 40¢. Hay—Clover, \$1.20; timothy, \$1.00. Cattle—Steady at \$1.30; beef, \$1.20. Hogs—Strong at \$4.00; pork, \$4.20. Sheep—Steady at \$2.75; lambs, \$2.50.

Grain and Provisions at Chicago. Wheat—No. 2 red, 94¢. Corn—Steady at \$1.20; mixed, \$1.10. Oats—Steady at \$1.00; mixed, \$0.90. Hay—Clover, \$1.20; timothy, \$1.00. Cattle—Steady at \$1.30; beef, \$1.20. Hogs—Strong at \$4.00; pork, \$4.20. Sheep—Steady at \$2.75; lambs, \$2.50.

At Cincinnati. Wheat—Firm; No. 2 red, 94¢. Corn—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 44¢. Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 40¢. Hay—Clover, \$1.20; timothy, \$1.00. Cattle—Steady at \$1.30; beef, \$1.20. Hogs—Strong at \$4.00; pork, \$4.20. Sheep—Steady at \$2.75; lambs, \$2.50.

At New York. Cattle—Firm at \$4.20; beef, \$4.00. Hogs—Firm at \$4.00; pork, \$4.20. Sheep—Firm at \$2.50; lambs, \$2.30.

At Buffalo Livestock. Cattle—Firm at \$4.20; beef, \$4.00. Hogs—Firm at \$4.00; pork, \$4.20. Sheep—Firm at \$2.50; lambs, \$2.30.

A LONG PIPE LINE

From Kansas to Indiana the Standard Will Pump Its Petroleum.

CONNECT WITH WHITING

At an Expense of Four Millions a 700-Mile Pipe Line Will be Laid to the Refinery.

Stupendous Undertaking is Under Serious Contemplation by the Standard Oil Company.

Hammond, Ind., Jan. 28.—An oil pipe line 700 miles long and entailing an expenditure of about \$4,000,000 is being contemplated by the Standard Oil company. An appropriation has been made for the construction of a pipe line to connect the Kansas and Indian territory oil fields with the mammoth refinery at Whiting, a few miles from Chicago. Probably 80 per cent of the refined products of crude petroleum used in home consumption find a market east of the Mississippi. The Kansas field is meeting every expectation, the runs from the wells in December showing a daily average of 7,693.17 barrels, an increase of 1,436.40 barrels over the average daily output of January a year ago.

BANK MEN ARE ARRAIGNED

Brodrick, Collins and Brown Pleaded Not Guilty.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 28.—Justus R. Brodrick, W. L. Collins, president and cashier of the defunct Elkhart bank, and Walter Brown, charged with abetting him in working the bank, were arraigned before Judge Anderson, at the Federal court, Wednesday afternoon, and entered pleas of not guilty. These pleas were made without an examination of the indictments, which are very lengthy, with the understanding that if, after an examination of these documents, they wished to demur to any of the counts they could do so and withdraw the plea of not guilty. Judge Van Fleet appeared for Walter Brown and Brodrick, and Col. James E. Dodge appeared for Collins.

The Collins trial was set for March 14, the Brodrick trial for March 15, and the Brown trial for March 21.

Carnegie May Favor DePauw. Greencastle, Ind., Jan. 28.—The Rev. C. H. Line, financial secretary of the DePauw University, has received a communication from Andrew Carnegie's secretary asking for a detailed description of the university buildings and grounds. This letter was in response to a visit of Mr. Line to Mr. Carnegie several weeks ago, at which time he made a request for a new library building at DePauw. This is taken to believe that Mr. Carnegie is interested and it is hoped that he will donate sufficient money to build a library building.

Set Baby Brother on Fire. Frankfort, Ind., Jan. 8.—While Mrs. James Ottenger was at work in her kitchen she left her seven-week-old boy in its crib in another room with her two-year-old son. There was a wood stove in the room and the boy took a brand from it and set fire to the baby's clothing. The infant was nearly roasted when the mother was attracted to the room by smoke. The baby died several hours after the mishap occurred.

Caught at the Crossing. Anderson, Ind., Jan. 28.—A street car on the East Lynne line was struck by freight cars at the Belt railroad. The car was well filled with employees of the tile factory, but none was seriously injured. There was a scramble for the door and passengers were piled in a heap or jammed to one side of the car, and several were bruised.

Murder Trial Postponed. Danville, Ind., Jan. 28.—The trial of Henry Seward, charged with the murder of his wife which was to begin in the Hendricks circuit court yesterday, has been postponed until the March term. The murder took place in Putnam county and the trial was brought here on change of venue.

Involuntary Manslaughter. Franklin, Ind., Jan. 28.—The jury in the case of the state against Cudworth Abel, of Jonesville, for killing his nephew, Charles Abel, has returned a verdict against the defendant, finding him guilty of involuntary manslaughter. Sentence is deferred.

Dead in the Snow. Bloomington, Ind., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Mary E. Coyle, a well known soldier's widow, was found dead on the street. She had heart trouble and is supposed to have died suddenly. Her body was cold when found in the snow.

Little Girl Burned to Death. Anderson, Ind., Jan. 28.—Ella Willets, the five-year-old daughter of Henry Willets, was fatally burned, at her home in Park place, a suburb of Anderson.

Died of Lockjaw. Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 28.—Mercer Chonkwiler, who on Jan. 8 attempted to kill himself by shooting, is dead of lockjaw.



Positive Purity

Good Luck Baking Powder is so pure—its leavening force so great—that only one heaping teaspoonful to a quart of sifted flour is required for the lightest, whitest, most wholesome and nutritious hot bread, pastry and cakes. Add the price of

GOOD LUCK Baking Powder

Is only 10c a pound can—the fair price for the best baking powder. Dealers try it in card and train lot. Save the sections of freight train picture in each can. Ask your dealer or write THE SOUTHERN MFG. CO., RICHMOND, VA.

INTERESTING TO SOLDIERS

A General Increase Is Proposed in Invalid Pensions.

Washington, Jan. 28.—Representative Sulloway of New Hampshire, chairman of the committee on invalid pensions, has introduced a distinctly service and age pension bill which will give to each soldier who has served ninety days and who reaches the age of sixty-two \$5 per month; sixty-six years, \$10 per month, and seventy years, \$12 per month. In addition to the above rates his bill gives to the men who served two years or more an additional increase of \$2 per month in each of the above classes. The bill increases the minimum of pensions allowed to \$8 per month, instead of \$6, which will increase the pensions of 125,394 soldiers who are now on the rolls at \$6 per month. The bill further provides that the pensions of widows who married the soldiers prior to Jan. 1, 1870, and who are now on the rolls drawing \$8 shall be increased to \$12. Heretofore the law has been that they could not get \$12 unless their husbands died of disease contracted in the service. This bill will give an increase to the men who served ninety days, and increases for the men who fought through the entire war, and also increases the pensions of the widows who married soldiers during or immediately following the war.

A Fast Six-Round Go. Philadelphia, Jan. 28.—Jack O'Brien and Tommy Ryan fought one of the fastest six-round bouts ever seen in this city, last night, and the Philadelphia had a slight advantage. When the gong sounded for the finish both men were in very bad shape.

Editors Will Meet in May. St. Louis, Jan. 28.—The National Editorial association, in accordance with definite arrangements completed by the executive committee in session here, will hold its 10th annual convention in St. Louis May 16, 17, 18 and 19.

Hardwood Prices Going Up. Cincinnati, Jan. 28.—The Hardwood Manufacturers' association of the United States, in session here, decided to increase the price of thick oak and ash from \$4 to \$5 per 1,000 feet.

TIED OUT.

There's many a farmer's wife sits on the porch in the growing shadows of a summer evening, knowing to the full what it is to feel tired out; as if there was not another ounce of effort left in her. But she knows how sound her slumber will be and how refreshed the morning will find her. That's the tiredness of a healthy woman. But it's another thing for the sick woman to feel tired out. Rest only seems to increase her suffering. Just as in profound silence a discord jars the ear more forcibly, so now that she has stopped moving about, this tired woman feels more acutely the aching back and throbbing nerves.

Sick women, hundreds of thousands of them, have been made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Words cannot tell what I suffered for thirteen years with uterine trouble and dragging-down pains through my hips and back," writes Mrs. John Dickson, of Greenfield, Assiniboia Dist., N. W. Ter. "I can't describe the misery it was to be on my feet long at a time. I could not eat nor sleep.

MISSION OF PRESS
Is to Persistently Preach Patriotism as a Political Religion.

JUSTUS C. ADAMS, who was speaker of the Indiana house of representatives in 1893, died at his home in Indianapolis Wednesday. He was a man of prominence and a useful citizen. He had numerous friends in Jackson county.

TOMORROW will be the sixty-first anniversary of the birth of William McKinley, a name that stands for much in the history of this republic. A simple ceremony will be held in commemoration of the day. Americans worthy of the name will always think of McKinley with affection for his statesmanship, with admiration for his statesmanship, with respect for his private life, and with gratitude for his services. Some of the presidents have a place as a common possession of all the people. Washington, Lincoln and McKinley are among the number. The fellow-citizens come to regard them as representatives of the best national type, not as party men. They stood for the people always. Their whole being was infused with the highest ideals for the country as a whole. If they acted with a party it was with this end in view. They were men as broad as the boundaries of the nation and their fellow countrymen see in them a corresponding breadth in conceptions of duty.—Globe Democrat.

STOCK FARMING.

Assertion that it Pays Better Than Grain Raising.

Regarding the value of live stock farming as compared with the growing and selling of grain. Prof. L. H. Pammel, of the Iowa Agricultural College says:

"It has been demonstrated, both by experience and practice, that the farmer who sells beef, pork and mutton that he has produced from the corn and grain raised and fed on the farm makes more money per acre and per dollar of his capital than the man who grows only wheat or corn or cotton and sells it. It is not necessary entirely to discontinue raising these crops, but if we are to produce a surplus to be sold in foreign markets, it is best to export the surplus in the most condensed and marketable form, as meat and animal products, rather than in the original crude and bulky state.

In the long run the farmer will make the most money who devotes his fields to the growing of forage to feed stock, making use of all the raw products at home, thereby saving not only much of the cost of transportation, but maintaining the fertility of the soil. By doing so corn-belt farmers will maintain their pre-eminence in agricultural lines. Experience of the last few months has shown that the men who stock to feeding and were not tempted by high prices to sell their corn have made the most money. Anything that will enhance the productive capacity of our soils for the production of forage conditions will help the farmer."

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

David F. Collins and Ethel L. Beldou. James H. Richards and Margaret J. Hawn. John Reeves and Harriett Hickman.

CONGRESSIONAL DOINGS

Wide Latitude Is Noted in Open Discussion.

Washington, Jan. 28.—General debate in the house on the urgent deficiency bill digressed to a discussion of political topics, the race question and aerial navigation. Mr. Burdett (Neb.) led off with a discussion on the political situation from a Republican view and Mr. Cochran, Mo., spoke for the Democrats. Mr. Hardwick, (Dem., Ga.) made an extended address on the race problem. Discussion of flying machines was precipitated by the report of the appropriation committee which recommended the tabling of a resolution calling on the secretary of war for information as to expenditures that had been made in connection with the flying machine tests. The resolution was tabled. C. B. Landis, (Rep., Ind.) closed the day in a political speech lasting an hour. He declared that Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated on the record of his administration for his platform.

The senate proceedings included a speech by Mr. Simmons, of North Carolina, in support of the Panama canal treaty and the passage of a number of bills and resolutions. Mr. Simmons was the first Democratic senator to favor the measure on the floor of the senate. Among the bills passed was one granting to citizens of Porto Rico and the Philippines the right to take advantage of the naturalization laws of this country but Mr. Spooner moved to reconsider the vote, thus leaving the question undisposed of. The resolution giving authority to the committee on privileges and elections to proceed with the investigation of the charges against Mr. Smoot was passed.

SOCIAL SKEPTICISM IS RAMPANT

Organized, Progressive Conservatism Finds Its Embodiment in the Republican Party, and Its Army of the Press Must Cope Courageously With the Forces of Discontent and Dissolution—The Inner Significance of Present Political Tendencies.

At the recent meeting of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association at Indianapolis, one of the notable addresses was that of W. H. Sanders of Marion on "The True Mission of the Party Press." In this address Mr. Sanders discussed, not the superficial, but the underlying drift of political affairs, and his words deserve the reading of every thoughtful citizen of the state. Mr. Sanders said:

One day last fall I had been wandering for an hour or more in the country, when rather unexpectedly I came to the top of a hill overlooking the city of Marion, my own home. Here was a scene that I wish I might describe, but I cannot, for I have neither the time nor the tongue. Think, though, of a sunny day with just enough of haze to temper the glare into a softened light; in the valley the city; beyond the city the Mississippi river; and beyond the river hills again, hills and trees; and this on a day after Jack Frost had been among the trees just often enough to leave the handiwork of his inimitable fancy. I say in the valley lay the city, but not that I saw much of it, for it was embowered in trees. Here and there was a spire, here and there a steeple, there a tower and there the glimpse of a home cuddled in among the trees.

Here were apparent serenity and tranquility. Not a person was in sight, and yet I knew that within the range of vision there were twenty odd thousand human beings. Think of it—twenty thousand human hearts—more than a million heart-beats a minute; dynamic force to move the world, under this unruffled canopy of sunlight and haze and leaves. Here are all human hopes and fears; here all the experiences that can come to man. Here is the frightened pulse of the child just come into the world and here the feeble one of the gray-haired veteran just leaving it to sink into final rest. Here are all the variations to be played upon the heart-strings of human beings by the vicissitudes of life. I thought of this, and then I said, Here in this bend of the river, between these hills and among these trees, is all the human nature that Mother Earth ever gave birth to and here, too, is all the struggle that ever was. Here is the same battle of life that has been fought out on every field of hope and endeavor in all the earth since first a living creature came into the world to hunger and to thirst, to burn with fever or to tremble with cold, to start with expectancy or to shrink and cower in fear. Here every twenty-four hours is being relived the heart history of the entire human race from the day of the first man unto this day; all the history that is worth knowing; more history than has ever been written in books. Be familiar with the impulses and instincts that animate twenty thousand human beings for twenty-four hours, and you know all the motives that have moved man since nature first crowned the travail of the ages with a human being.

Here, then, are the whims and the caprices and the impulses and the instincts as well as the reason at the foundation of this republic. Here are specimens of all the kind of material that go to constitute this mighty fabric we call the United States government. Here are all the kinds of forces that on the one hand go to stay and to strengthen our institutions and that on the other hand tend to weaken, to impair or to imperil them.

A Few American Types.

Note a few of these types. To start with, take the tax receipt; the certificate of a thousand-fold more service on the part of these institutions than on the part of the taxpayer; a stock certificate of the best investment ever made by the greatest master of finance that ever lived, and yet too often looked upon as representing an unjust and ill-paid sacrifice. Here is the similar case of the man that receives say 300 letters a day or a week or a month. One letter in the 300 goes astray or is delayed in delivery. The man spends more time and energy and vocabulary in railing at Uncle Sam for the one letter that goes amiss than in praise of the service that brings the 299 promptly to hand. He takes the 299 for granted, as if he paid the expenses of the entire postal service out of his own pocket, and then works himself into an apoplexy over the one delinquency. Here is a quartette of types—a successful merchant of my acquaintance who declares that the average man fares as well in barbarism as he does in this civilization; a young man just out of the high school who attributes most of the unhappiness in the country to misgovernment; a graduate of one of our most conspicuous state colleges who doesn't "pretend to be patriotic," and a workman described by his employer as without a superior, an earnest and sincere man who is for "revolution and no compromise."

Still more. Here are three men razing at a courthouse. "The temple of justice," says one of them with a sneer. "Yes, justice, if you've got the price," says another with a similar sneer. The third assents. Had a thousand been present, how many would have dissented? And if they had dissented? They would have been overwhelmed in an uproar of disapproval. It was nine years ago that this sentiment was uttered, and among a thousand men there would be fewer to dis-

sent from it today than there would have been then—a very significant tendency of things.

Revolutionary Thinking.

These are but a few among numerous instances to remind us that here is exactly the kind of thinking that a hundred years ago in France caused many a man of good intentions to lose his head, first in the general tumult and afterward by the guillotine; exactly the same kind of thinking that revolted against absolutism under Louis XVI., only to fall under the absolutism, first of Mirabeau, then of Robespierre and then of Napoleon; exactly the kind of thinking that in its hatred of royalty beheaded a king, and then in almost the same breath voted more than a thousand to one to place a military despot upon an imperial throne.

Still more. Here are books by the hundred and leaflets and pamphlets and papers by the thousand sent all over the land disseminating the opinion and the feeling that justice is to be had in our courts only by purchase; this and similar opinions. Are they read? Yes, and more. They are fed upon and brooded upon and passed on to the neighbor; fed upon and brooded upon by the earnest and sincere man as well as by the agitator and the sullen malcontent.

Men of good intentions? Yes, many of them, but we are to bear in mind that good intentions are not an insurance policy against evil consequences. Good intentions, as a rule, are back of the manufacture of nitro-glycerin, but its sensitiveness and destructive power are none the less for that reason. It explodes just as readily from the careless touch of good intentions as from the concussion of calculating deviltry, and the destruction is just as widespread and just as complete. A hundred years ago rivers of blood ran in the streets of Paris and elsewhere in France and no one thing had contributed to this red flood more than good intentions; good intentions expressed in isms apparently, but that nevertheless led to anarchy and the Reign of Terror. And the nitro-glycerin in this case is the way men are feeling and thinking.

Silent Forces at Work.

This suggests the silent forces at work; forces subtle but potent; forces as insidious as malaria and as silent in their activity as thought itself, for just as certainly and as silently as the twilight of evening steals upon the noonday to turn it into night, just so do these perilous beliefs steal into the thoughts of men to darken them, and as certainly as these things creep into the thoughts of men just that certainly do they steal away the minds and hearts from Uncle Sam.

Not strikes, not riots, not lynchings, not any particular outbreak or any particular series of outbreaks that attracts general attention; not anarchism or socialism or democracy or any other particular ism, not any of these but more; these are but manifestations of the condition of mind in which they are conceived and out of which they are born, but the manifestations are no more the condition itself than the leaves and the other drift upon the surface of the stream are the current itself.

There is a process of nature called electrolysis, a sort of chemical decomposition that is said to be eating its way into the steel-laid foundations of the majestic buildings that stand in our large cities as monuments to nineteenth and twentieth century enterprise. If this is true, and nothing is done to circumvent it, then one day these proud structures will crumble into ruin and when they go they will take many a human being with them. But no man sees electrolysis doing its deadly work. At the foundations of this republic lack of faith in our institutions and want of respect for them is the electrolysis that is at work this day. To what extent no man knows, but we do know that it is there; we do know that it is ceaselessly at work, and we do know that its insidiousness is more to be feared than the mailed warriors of all the world.

The Test of Vitality.

So here in Marion is a typical American city; in these particulars a miniature America; more, a miniature Christendom. Take a map of Europe and mark where unrest of a similar sort is most significantly manifest. The map will soon be covered with spots, with this qualification—if you take another map and mark where intelligence is supposed to be most general, you will find that one map will serve very well as a substitute for the other. The little learning that is a dangerous thing, you may say, and it is no doubt true that the general diffusion of a little knowledge about many things has done much to quicken and to intensify the disquietude that is in man by nature; just as a little knowledge prompts many a one to accept with eagerness the social poison in a Plato and at the same time to reject the antidote that is to be found in his deeper truths. But take another map of Europe. This time mark where flame and sword had devastated in the decade ending fifty years ago. Again the map is covered with pencil marks. Now compare the quarter of a century of European history just preceding that decade with the decade just ended in this country. There is an analogy to set one to thinking. Now add these vital facts—that half a century of tranquility is a rare thing in the history of nations; that fifty years of peace are perhaps as severe a test of enduring vitality in a government as so many years of foreign war; that already we have had forty years of comparative peace in this country. To all this add the nitrogen in man's mental and physical make-up, and here is a group of facts to suggest the profoundest pondering; facts that should stir us to the deepest solitude.

Discontent Is the Issue.

Here is suggested the one thing that challenges the intelligence and the patriotism on the editorial tripod more persistently and more emphatically than any other—discontent; not the discontent that is back of all progress; not the discontent that, dissatisfied with self, becomes a spur to additional effort. But the discontent that looks outside of self for what must be within or not at all; the discontent that looks to laws and institutions for the elements of success; the discontent that expects of government what no government can provide; discontent already inflamed to an abnormal sensitiveness; the discontent that would tear down what we have in the vain hope of building more successfully upon the ruins; the discontent that sets forces in motion that afterward it is unable to control; the discontent that is ceaselessly demanding additional rights and privileges and seldom or never giving a thought to duties or obligations.

Unquestionably the forces of disintegration are more actively at work in this country than they have been at any other time since the civil war. The dispatches say, for instance, that the Nebraska prophet of silverism disclaims being a socialist. Names are of little consequence, but it is true nevertheless that the teachings of this same man have done more to make socialists than to make Democrats, and it is a shorter step from Bryanism to downright socialism than it is from Bryanism to the principles of Andrew Jackson. And, for a number of years, whatever the individual voter may think about it, the organization known as the Democratic party has done more to create and intensify a querulous discontent than an eager, active and hopeful Americanism, and in the minds of the people it has left more communism than old-fashioned Jeffersonianism.

Some Notable Tendencies.

And note the tendency of things—for it is the tendency, after all, that is most significant. For instance, the significance of the New York election two years ago is not that Governor Odel was re-elected by a few thousand plurality, but that 650,000 American citizens should stamp their approval upon a platform that a few years ago would have been regarded as too fragile for even a Democrat to stand on. And the significance of Ohio last fall is not that Tom Johnson went down before a plurality of more than a hundred thousand, but that a Tom Johnson should be able to control a Democratic state convention and that 350,000 Democrats should endorse at the polls that kaleidoscope of isms known as Tom Johnsonism—isms that a few years ago would have had no consideration whatever. And now we have the spectacle of the Democratic national committee trying in vain to run away from Hearstism; trying in vain to escape the responsibility of a natural paternity, for Hearstism is simply the inevitable offspring of the misalliance between Democracy and Populism, sometimes miscalled Bryanism.

One thing is clear: This trend of things must be met; it must be fought; it must be fought intelligently as well as courageously; it must be directly aimed at, and it is not sixty seconds too soon to begin this just now. It must be met and fought with conservatism; not the conservatism of an individual here and there, but organized conservatism; not moribund conservatism or halting conservatism, but progressive conservatism; the conservatism that believes in progress but declines to lose its head in this twentieth century swirl of things; the conservatism that believes in improvement but at the same time in the saving grace of common sense; the conservatism that stands for evolution as opposed to revolution, but would quicken the pace of evolution, just as the farmer or the breeder by directing the forces of nature accomplishes results in a few years or in a few decades what nature left alone would require centuries or ages for.

Where Is Conservatism?

But where in this country is to be found this organized progressive conservatism? The answer is in three words—the Republican party. If the Republican party is called upon to face and cope with the forces of dissolution it will not be the first time and if it forsores the emergency it will be only another case of history repeating itself. And comes now this army of the press; these minute men already summoned to the contest; this other national guard, these men enlisted not for three years only but for during the war if it takes a lifetime; these men enlisted not for the service of the sword but for the more needful service today of the mind and the heart and the tongue and the pen; these men armed with the weapon that, rightly directed, is more powerful than the sword; the weapon that directed by vigilant and intelligent patriotism may remove the necessity for the sword in this or in any other behalf.

And how? To attempt an answer in detail would be infinite presumption, but a moment here. In to many a household what we call patriotism is tucked away 363 days in the year in that dark room that nobody wants to go to or to stay in; that room where the shutters are closed, the sunlight shut out and where there is a musty odor in the atmosphere. Let us get it out in the every day in the year and take it into the rooms we live in, where the plants and the flowers and the children are, and let us teach the children to love it and to cherish it as they love and cherish the other plants and flowers. The tree in the open spreads out its branches in order to present its leaves to the sunlight. The tree in the forest shoots up straight for the same purpose. The tree derives as much vitality from the sunshine and from the air as from the earth, or more. Let us take a lesson from the tree; let us turn the leaves of our patriotism to the sunbeams every day; then the roots will go down deep, deep in the heart and throb with every pulse beat. And let us urge this same in the schools every day of every year from kindergarten to university.

Counting Our Privileges.

Not bluster, not swagger, not a chip on the shoulder for others, but an every day deep-seated gratitude for the privileges and opportunities of this American civilization; a gratitude inspired by and based upon every day facts to be found in every voting precinct in the land; every day facts in the life of every individual under the folds of Old Glory; countless facts; potent facts that go to the core of things; facts that we have been born to, brought up to, become accustomed to and have come to take for granted as if we ourselves had wrung them from the wilds and barrens of primevalism by our own efforts.

But there is no time here for details, so let us go back to the hilltop and in another look at the typical American city of Marion find the one fact that includes all the others. Here the eye has tarried first at one place and then at another, but all the while, of course, the heart has rested upon one particular spot, an abode of peace and quietude and love and hope. There it is, hidden by that clump of trees. The building is not in sight, but I feel that it is there. And then I recall that but a short time ago in the history of nations to go wandering for an hour unprotected a thousand to one would be never to return, or if to return then only to find the home in ashes and the loved ones among the embers. Then why is it that today one may wander away with the assurance of a safe return to that unpretentious but homelike home?

What We Owe Uncle Sam.

Then I look again, and I see those spires and those steeples and that tower, and over yonder where the broken veterans are I see that streaming banner that I need not name for its name is "as old as the glory of God," and this is the answer. This is why. Here are institutions, not perfect, it is true, but the best, nevertheless, that have been wrung from the centuries; here are privileges and opportunities that you and I found awaiting us when we came into this country; privileges and opportunities that we would scale mountains and cross seas for if they were not already at hand; privileges and opportunities that we could not earn for ourselves and institutions that we could not build for ourselves in a score of lifetimes, and back of all these—Uncle Sam. And this same Uncle Sam, not a saint, not a Solomon, but the best Uncle Sam nevertheless that you or I or anybody ever had. These things I think of with this same Uncle Sam in mind, and then I say: There is not much of me, but what there is, is his; what there is, is with him and for him, heart and soul, to the last breath against all the powers of darkness, if need be; against the world, the flesh and the devil.

Let us make this our political religion in this day of rampant social skepticism, and let us preach it with the zeal that is justified by the righteousness of the cause. Then in this, it seems to me, we shall find not only "The True Mission of the Party Press" this day, but also the splendid opportunity and the glorious privilege.

THE CAMPAIGN ISSUES

Hon. Charles L. Henry Defines Them at Indiana Editorial Convention.

At the banquet with which the annual convention of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association was inaugurated, Hon. Charles L. Henry, owner of the Indianapolis Journal, spoke on "The Issues of the Impending Campaign." In part he said that the Republicans do not make campaign issues in the common acceptance of the term. They inaugurate policies and stand for the advancement, progress and prosperity of the nation—the Democrats raise the issues, setting up any and every sort of cry that might catch a vote at the polls. "One difficulty that the Republicans have had to contend with," said Mr. Henry, "is that, while everything good, politically, that has been done for the country has been brought about by the Republicans, everything bad has been charged against them by the Democrats because they didn't prevent it."

Mr. Henry said it was due largely to the untiring efforts of the Republican newspapers of the state that Indiana occupies its present proud position and has made such marked advancement, and that it rests with them to keep up the good work. The decreasing of the state debt by almost \$6,000,000 within the last eight years, he said, has been brought about by Republican administration of state affairs, and the Republican press must contend for a continuance of this policy. We must insist upon the administration of state affairs in the future as in the past and upon the business-like, nonpartisan management of state institutions. In national affairs the Democrats are pledged to do something with the currency—just what nobody knows. The Republican party stands where it has stood all the time—for sound money.

Congratulations

Mrs. John H. Cullon, Editor of the Garland, Texas, News, has written a letter of congratulations to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as follows: "Sixteen years ago when our first child was a baby he was subject to croupy spells and we were very uneasy about him. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in 1887, and finding it such a reliable remedy for colds and croup, we have never been without it in the house since that time. We have five children and have given it to all of them with good results. One good feature of this remedy is that it is not disagreeable to take and our babies really like it. Another is that it is not dangerous, and there is no risk from giving an overdose. I congratulate you upon the success of your remedy." For sale by J. W. Milhous.

Every time you cough take 5 drops of Brazilian Balm. 50 doses 25 cents.

I pay no taxes—I pay no rent, Often busted—without a cent; But a king among men—from disease I'm free,

'Tis better than wealth—Rocky Mountain Tea. W. F. Peter Drug Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

TWO TURNS OF THE WHEEL

The Story of the Rise and Fall of a Cockroach Fortune.

Sandy Bowers was a teamster, his wife a buxom and not uncommonly Scotch woman who took in washing and kept a miners' boarding house. It was in the early days of VIRGINIA CITY, before men had grasped the full value of the discovery, and the teamster, in company with others of his kind, came into possession of several hundred feet on the lode at Gold Hill.

His claim became one of the bonanzas of the region, and Sandy found himself richer than he had ever thought any one could be. Neither he nor his wife ever rose to the level of their fortune. They remained the teamster and the washerwoman to the end. There is a story that neither could read nor write. After giving an entertainment at the International hotel such as that hostelry of many grandsons had never before seen they went to Europe for two years.

When they came back they were still the teamster and the washerwoman. Europe had added no veneer. But the money was still in plenty. "Money to throw to the birds," as the old man was wont to say. Nevada was more to their taste than anywhere else, so they elected to remain there, and that strange monument of wealth, which is known all through Nevada and California as the Bowers mansion, was built on the shore of Washoe lake.

The site was one of extraordinary beauty, with the wall of snow capped Sierra behind it, the sapphire sweep of water in front. Money was never considered in its construction. It was built of quarried stone and furnished with the costliest San Francisco could supply. A library of books with Sandy's name on every volume was one of its features. The door handles were of silver, the table furnishings the finest to be had at that place at that time.

Here the old people—for they were getting old—settled and dispensed a lavish hospitality. Here an adopted child whom they dearly loved and had named Persia died. Here, too, later on Sandy died and was buried in the garden under the shadow of the Sierra. And here—the shades of evening beginning to close on this strange drama—poverty overtook his widow. She strove to redeem her first losses by speculation, throwing good money after bad. In her case the wheel of fortune made a complete revolution. Her old age saw her as poor as she had been in her youth. She passed from stage to stage and finally made a livelihood by practicing fortune telling in San Francisco. It having been always understood that she had the gift of second sight, the crystal in which she gazed had shown her many things, but nothing stranger, more dramatic and varied than her own life.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Our Small Country.

One brother is a rich merchant in the Straits Settlements, on the Malay peninsula. The other brother was the cook in a cheap restaurant on South Clark street.

The merchant sent to the cook a draft for sufficient money to pay his expenses out to Asia, and the cook gave up his job and has started for his brother's home. The interesting thing about the whole incident is the letter written by the wealthy merchant which accompanied the draft.

In the first place, the draft was made payable in New York.

"I send you the money in a draft payable in New York," wrote the brother from far-off Asia. "You can go over and get it cashed there. On the way I wish you would stop at Texas and see Brother Thomas. I haven't heard from him for two years now, and I'd like to know how he's getting along."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Around It.

"Thomas, you have disobeyed your old grandmother." "No, I didn't, ma." "Yes, you did. Have you not been swimming?" "Yes, ma." "Didn't I hear her say to you not to go swimming?" "Oh, she didn't tell us that. She only came out and said, 'Boys, I wouldn't go swimming,' and I shouldn't think she would, an old rheumatic woman like her. But she didn't say anything about our going swimming!"

An Infamy.

Some years ago we remember meeting at the door of a secondhand bookshop an excited Irishman. He had just bought the "Irish Melodies" for a shilling, when he turned round on the bookseller and burst out: "But I could kill ye for selling these immortal gems so cheap!"—Athenaeum.

The Difference In Slang.

"She uses slang," said the cultured young woman in a tone of deep disapproval.

"That isn't the worst of it," answered Miss Cayenne. "She uses slang that hasn't yet received the sanction of smart society."—Boston Journal.

A Model Cook.

"Have you a good cook?" "Splendid!" exclaimed the bride. "Why, when I want to experiment with a new cookbook she takes the blame for all the failures and lets me have the credit for all the successes."—Chicago Post.

Unsatisfactory.

May—Did Clara's husband leave her much when he died? Belle—He left enough to make her comfortable, but not enough to get her a second husband.—Life.

Art is the work of man under the guidance and inspiration of a mightier power.—Hare.

Young Men—Trust thyself, make your heart vibrate with an iron string. Make yourself a man among men. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do the business. 35 cents, tea and tablet form. W. F. Peter Drug Co.

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KODOL digests what you eat!
KODOL cleanses, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach.
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Leave Chicago 1:00 p. m. via C. & E. I. R.
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Hub

PERSONAL

Peter Platter went to Crothersville this morning on business.

H. J. Siebenburgen made a business trip to Kurtz this morning.

Rev. S. H. Huffman made a business trip to Madison this morning.

Mrs. Harrison Love is quite sick at her home five miles south of the city.

James Arnold, of Columbus, was here this morning on business between trains.

Miss Ethel Smith, of Crothersville, is visiting the family of W. M. Foster. —Scottsburg Chronicle.

Rev. T. C. Smith and wife arrived last evening to spend a few days with their son, Jay C. Smith.

Rev. I. C. Overman and family and Jacob Foster and family were enjoying the fine sleigh riding today.

Major John R. Simson, of Paoli, came here last evening on business and returned to Paoli this morning.

A. W. Mercer, of Indianapolis, who has been here on business, returned to Indianapolis this morning.

Mrs. J. H. Matlock went to Browns-town this morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Alice Daly Branaman.

Roscoe Love returned to Indianapolis last evening. He was called here by the death of his brother, Arthur Love.

T. S. Blish returned from St. Louis last night where he had been for several days. Frank Browder, now of Hannibal, Mo., came down there to meet him by appointment and was in the Burlington train that was wrecked between those two cities on Monday night. Mr. Browder was uninjured and gave great assistance in removing the killed and wounded from the wrecked train.

Mr. Blish was a guest on Tuesday night at a dinner given at the Mercantile Club to a party of Cuban newspaper editors who are now doing the World's Fair City.

Carload special scenery used in the great production "Way Down East."

NEW SERIAL

"Gentleman from Indiana" for Republican Readers.

The REPUBLICAN will in a few days start its next serial story which will be of great interest to our readers. Arrangements have been made for printing "A Gentleman From Indiana" by Booth Tarkington and the first installment will be printed at the conclusion of the present serial.

This novel when issued had an unprecedented sale and was one of the most popular books of the season. It is a novel of American life; the story of a fearless newspaper editor who did his duty as he saw it at the risk of his life, and containing a beautiful love romance.

No Liquor Licenses in Brown.

Returns are now being received from county auditors by B. F. Johnson, chief of the Indiana Bureau of Statistics, showing the number of liquor licenses issued in each county of the State.

Brown county, according to the report of Auditor John B. Seitz, has issued no liquor licenses during the past year. "As illustrating the status of Brown county," said Mr. Johnson, "the last tax statement showed about \$6,000 on hand, and the total when all levies shall have been collected will be but \$15,217. Out of this amount all the county's expenses are paid."

Corn, Corn, Corn.

Were the corn of seven corn states loaded on wagons, forty bushels to the load, and placed so the heads of the horses would come just to the rear end board of the preceding wagon, and it were possible for this line of march to cover the land and sea, an average year's crop from these seven corn growing states would make a complete belt of corn wagons six times around the world.

Place the crop of 1902 in cars holding 500 bushels each, and allow 40 feet for car and coupling, and we would have a continuous freight train 38,478 miles long.

After considering these figures, one readily believes that, in the list of cereals, corn stands first in point of acreage, yield and value. —Four-Track News.

Kurtz School House Burned.

About 5 o'clock Thursday morning the Kurtz school house burned with all the contents except the teacher's desk and a few books from the first floor. The building was a two-story frame and the loss is about \$2,000 with \$300 insurance. It had been the custom to keep fire in the stoves over night. One theory is that some fire fell from a crack in one of the stoves, and the other is that the fire originated from a defective flue.

Likes the Law.

A tax-payer remarked: "I like the law that requires trustees to publish every item of expense. People who pay the bills have a right to know just how every cent goes out, and all money that goes out should be itemized for the public in this way."

Found a Cure for Indigestion.

I use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for indigestion and find that they suit my case better than any dyspepsia remedy I have ever tried and I have used many different remedies. I am nearly fifty-one years of age and have suffered a great deal from indigestion. I can eat almost anything I want to now. —GEO. W. EMORY, Rock Mills, Ala. For sale by C. W. Milhous.

INSTANT RELIEF—Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat—Brazilian Balm, 50 doses 25c.

MEN'S UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS!

It will pay you to take a look at our Unlaundried White Shirts. We have an excellent line. The bosom and cuff bands are three ply linen, both front and back are reinforced. There are continuous facings at all openings. Cushion protector for collar buttons. Fell-seams throughout.

THE PRICE IS 50 CTS.

Thomas Clothing Co.
K-P BUILDING, SEYMOUR, IND.



The First

Cremo
Cigar

will convince you of its unusual quality and fragrance.

The first hundred will prove their uniformity.

The first thousand will substantiate the fact that it is a cigar you never tire of—5c.

Largest Seller in the World.

The Band is the Smoker's Protection.

Road is Building.

Work on the Indianapolis Southern road is being pushed regardless of weather conditions. The force has been increased and the last week more than 1,800 men and 1,000 teams were at work at different points along the line. The pay rolls for December were \$120,000 and this month will be nearly \$130,000. Every liability is met promptly and the completion of the road to bring coal to Indianapolis by next fall is assured. The road will not only be valuable as a coal road, but its stone traffic will be an important feature, and it will enable farmers on the line to dispose of their stock at Indianapolis at an advantage. —Franklin Star.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

SEAL A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

To cure a Cold in Head, sniff 10 Drops of Brazilian Balm. Guaranteed.

FOR ALL HANDS

February frosts and March winds are trying months for the hands. To heal and prevent chapped skin on hands or face we especially commend VIOLET JELLY, an exquisite creamy lotion, for soothing and healing the skin. Price 10c and 25c.

Hudnut's Marvelous Cold Cream famous the world over as a skin food, imparts health and color to the skin. Price 50c.

COX PHARMACY CO.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



WHAT IS WRONG WITH PICTURE?

KEY TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE PICTURES:

Figures on clock are wrong. Hands mark half past 13.

DON'T HAVE ANY DISPUTE IN

... 1904 ...

The Answer The Indianapolis News
Is In The World Almanac Indiana Edition

THROUGH ALL THE YEAR KEEP IT AT YOUR ELBOW

You'll Want

A GUIDE TO THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

It's priceless when you need it. It's interesting and instructive always. Twenty-five Cents on news stands. Thirty-five Cents by mail. (Uncle Sam gets the difference.)

WE MEAN BUSINESS.

both in our compliments and in our pursuit of a livelihood. Empty words have no place in our category, and when we say we can supply you with the best quality of lumber and building materials, we mean it from the round up, and what is more, we can give you rates that will surprise you with their low figures.

The Travis Carter Co



W. A. Carter & Son

Headquarters for The Genuine

Edison Phonographs AND RECORDS.

Locksmith and General Repairing

TOUR OF ALL MEXICO
Via B. & O. S-W. under personal escort The American Tourist Association. Selected Clientele, Limited. All exclusive privileges, independent travel. Special Pullman Vestibule Train Baggage, Drawing Room, Compartment, Library and Music Room, and the famous open top observation car Chillum.

TICKETS INCLUDING ALL EXPENSES EVERYWHERE.

of Leaves January 26, 1904. For information write to O. P. McCarty, Gen. Pass. Agt., B. & O. S-W., Cincinnati, Ohio.

School Notes.

All of the children of the schools are now writing their names to be sent to the World's Fair. The names are all written upon the same kind of paper and will be sent in book form. Among the other things the school will send is a history of Seymour. All of the seniors are writing a history and the best points will be selected out of these and put into one.

The boys chorus class favored the High school with a song yesterday morning which was greatly enjoyed.

This morning about ten minutes of twelve an electric bell suddenly began to ring in the Assembly room of the high school. After much looking around it was finally decided to be in the wall. It is a mystery how it got there, but one might guess by noticing the winks and smiles interchanged between some of the boys.

Death of Arthur Love.

A letter received by Alexander Love, father of Arthur Love, from John G. Reynolds, coroner at Jacksonville, Ill., says that "Arthur J. Love was crushed beneath the wheels of an extra freight train while in the discharge of his duties about twelve miles west of here" [Jacksonville, Ill.] and died from the effects of his injuries. The rear brakeman was an eye witness of the accident and tried to pull Mr. Love out, but it was too late. The remains arrived here Wednesday morning and were buried at Chestnut Ridge Wednesday Jan. 27. The relatives appreciated the efforts of operators Thos. J. Gore and Charles Frey and the telephone girls who made every effort to secure information concerning the death and in locating the remains of the unfortunate young man.

McKinley Day.

Ohio has adopted the red carnation as the state flower in honor of the martyred President whose favorite flower it was. Friday, January 29, is the sixty first anniversary of the birth of President McKinley, and this flower will no doubt be worn by almost everyone that day. Although our own State has not adopted it, plenty of them will be worn by our people, not only for their beauty, but as a token of respect to one who commanded the esteem of all, Democrat and Republican alike, both North and South.

No Riding on Freights.

The majority of the roads in the Central Traffic and Western Passenger Associations have decided that hereafter passengers may not ride on their freight trains. The traveling men and the associations that are made up of them are bitterly opposed to this rule, as the traveling men often are compelled to rely upon freight trains when passenger service is poor. They say that without the privilege of riding on freights it will be impossible to work much of their territory.

Go to Seymour theatre tomorrow night.

Junior Endeavor Entertained.
Mrs. Thomas J. Gore last evening entertained the Junior Endeavor Society of the Christian church at her home, corner Tipton and Poplar streets. A program was rendered and light lunch was served. All had an enjoyable evening.

K. of P. Notice.

Hermion Lodge, No. 44, K. of P. will have work in the rank of Knight Thursday night, Jan. 28.

CLIF WIETHOFF, C. C.
J. W. MASSMANN, K. of R. and S. J284

Dirt for Sale.

500 loads. See G. A. Taskey or Frank Whitsett.

Tomorrow night, "Way Down East."

BORN.

To Edward A. Remy and wife, Thursday Jan. 28, a daughter.

CROTHERSVILLE.

Ed. Katman and family visited at Henryville over Sunday.

J. G. Offutt made a trip to Hendricks county last week.

Wm. Fultz has been elected president of the State Canner's Association.

Mrs. F. M. Taylor, of Henryville, visited her sister, Mrs. C. B. Thompson, last week.

G. M. Beldon and A. E. Hall attended K. of P. district meeting at Madison last week.

Mrs. Annie Allison and daughter are here from Grand Junction, Col.

Cain Priddy and Wesley Densford went to Hart county, Kentucky, Monday, the latter looking for timber to buy.

D. H. Waters and Matt Cox are home this week from their saw mill in Kentucky.

Prof. Payne, county superintendent, was here Monday visiting the schools.

Born, Jan. 25, to Jake Lewis and wife, near Bethany, a son.

James Bowman has moved back here from Priceville, Kentucky.

Wm. Fultz was a business visitor at Hope this week.

W. H. Shields, of Rockford, was here Tuesday on business.

W. H. Thomas shipped two car loads of stock Tuesday.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

MARDI GRAS

CARNIVAL

New Orleans

VERY LOW RATES

VIA

B. & O. S-W.

Tickets on sale February 9th to 15th.

Final return limit March 15th, 1904.

For detailed information, sleeping car space, etc., apply to ticket agents, O. P. MCCARTY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

CHICAGO, Ill., January 28, 1904.

Generally fair Friday, preceded by snow flurries south portion this afternoon or tonight and colder. North portion warmer Friday.

"Way Down East."

The boys who carry newspapers see nothing beautiful in snow.

Rural mail carriers are finding this weather pretty severe for their trips, and they are frequently late in making their rounds. At Columbus yesterday the carriers did not make their trips.

Pretty Miss Nellie Hascomb, Omaha, "I owe my good looks and health to Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Have fully regained my health. 35 cents tenor tablets. W. F. Peter Drug Co."

Let none fail to see "Way Down East" tomorrow night.

A Connersville man, who in a fit of religious frenzy attempted to commit suicide at the Salvation Army meeting but was prevented by friends, was arrested and fined \$5 and costs for disturbing a public meeting.

A Kokomo paper states that the Modern Woodmen have paid an insurance policy of \$2000 to the widow of the late Fred C. Rust who died recently. He was a son of Fred Rust living near the Anthony saw mill.

When bilious try a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and realize for once how quickly it sets class up-to-date medicine will correct the disorder. For sale by C. W. Milhous.

The finest photos in Seymour at Diehl's studio next door to Seymour Nat. Bank o22dtf

Mr. Wm. S. Crane, of California, Md., suffered for years from rheumatism and lumbago. He was finally advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did and it effected a complete cure. For sale by C. W. Milhous.

Rev. T. G. Hardimon who has just returned from a successful revival meeting at Muncie, left this morning for Plainfield where he will assist in revival services. His son, the boy preacher, will fill the A. M. E. pulpit here next Sunday.

